THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST. SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1526.

Choice Poetry.

A MERRY HEART.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

'Tis well to have a merry heart,
However short we stay,
There's wisdom in a merry heart,
Whate'er the world may say!
Philosophy may lift its head
And frail our mirth a-fine,
But give me the philosophy
That's largest with a sense!

If life but brings us happiness—
It brings us, we are told,
What's hard to buy, though rich men try,
With all their heaps of gold!
Then, though sages—most unlikely
What we have well at stock—
Who'd bribe the man about to marry, based
He's got the smallest cash?

There's luxury in a merry laugh,
A cheerful temper, too,
Who see the heart's in season keep
Their spirits sunny through;
And hear a share of mirth to spare
To make the cheerless cheer,
For mirth we think is one link speak,
Like sympathy, to bind!

The sun may set—and mist in mind,
The tempest wreck its way—
It will—it must be so, we find,
A sunlight in mirth!
To the small sense, or where we
Whatever may sort of mood—
Perfect image of the human mind
Then put the mirth of mind!

Sunday-School Visitor.

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE;
OR,
THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL.
(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"HERE COLD HAND IN MINE."

—A prince beautiful to see,
Noble, patient, and endowed with courage,
Honor and truth, and all the virtues,
Joined with ornaments of letter,
Which do grace and set off
Royal with—save—perfection!—Shirley.

Let me look on memory of the deepest abilities of the complex art. Colonel Daingerfield, impatient of the delay of Mr. Mattie, and of the absence of Mrs. Summerfield, had hurried home. The cool morning in our mother lately tastes of adieu to Mrs. Mattie, and Mrs. Summerfield, and Mrs. Hilton, and Mrs. Hilton, and Mrs. Hilton

Selected Articles.

A SHOOTING EXPLOIT OF SHERIDAN.

Tom Sheridan used to tell a story for and against himself, which we shall take leave to relate—

He was staying at Lord Craven's, at Benham (or rather Hemstead), and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with only "his dog and his gun," as he said, and unattended by companion or keeper; the sport was bad—the brute beasts and sky-scrapers walked and waddled in search of game, until, unconsciously, he entered the domain of some unsuspecting Squire. A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him, at the top of his speed, a jolly, comfortable looking old gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited the approach of the enemy.

"Hallo! you, sir," said the Squire, when within half one-shot. "What are you doing here, sir, eh?"

"I'm shooting, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are, sir?" said the Squire.

"I'm here, sir," said Tom.

"Here, sir!" said the Squire, grunting angrily, "and do you know where here is, sir? Those, sir, are my manors. What do you think of that, sir, eh?"

"Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say I have seen ever anything of them."

"I don't want any jokes, sir," said the Squire, "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir?—what are you?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan: I am staying at Lord Craven's. I have come out for some sport. I have not had any, and am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan," said the Squire, casting a little, "eh, from Lincoln's-Inn, eh? Well, sir, I could not know one, sir, I——"

"No, sir," said Tom; "you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan!" said the Squire. "You don't know me, what time preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all very well for you to talk, but if you were in my place, I should like to know what you would say upon such an occasion?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in your place, under all the circumstances, I should say —I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me, and as you look a great deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment."

The Squire was bit taken by this conciliation, and as the newspapers say, "it is needless to add," acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

"So Sir," said poor Tom, "the story tells for me; now you shall hear the story for myself."

After having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed, having delighted his host, and more than half won the hearts of all his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded homewards.

In the course of his walk, he passed through a farm-yard; in front of the farm-house was a green, in the centre of which was a pond. In the pond were some innocent-looking, swimming and diving, on its vertical basin a motley group of gallant cocks and pert pullets, picking and feeding. The farmer was inspecting the latter in the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green.

Tom hailed to go back with an empty bag; and having failed in his attempt at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else from doing it for him; and he thought to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity, would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly, up he goes to the farmer, and accosts him civilly—

"My good friend," says Tom, "I'll make you an offer."

"Or what, sir?" says the farmer.

"Why," replied Tom, "I have been out all day bagging after birds, and I have'n't had a shot; now both my barrels are loaded, and I should like to take some something. What shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those chicks and fowl—I stand here, and to have what over I kill?"

"What sort of a shot are you?" said the farmer.

"Fair shot," said Tom, "farish."

"And to have all you kill, eh?" said the farmer.

"Exactly so," said Tom.

"Half a guinea," said the farmer.

"I'll take the bench," said Tom. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a seven guinea piece, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket."

"Well," said the man, "hand it over."

The payment was made. Tom, true to his bargain, load his gun by the barn-door, and let fly with one barrel, and then with the other, and such quacking, and splashing, and screaming, and fluttering, had never been seen in that place before.

Away ran Tom, delighted at his success, picking up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nicely distended.

"Those were right good shots, sir," said the farmer.

"Yes," said Tom, "I might ducks and fowl are rather more than you imagined for, all knowwealth rather more, I suspect, than seven shillings, eh?"

"Why, yes," said the man, scratching his head, "I think they be: but what do I care in the that? They are more of mine."

"Here," said Tom, "I was, for once in my life, insane, and made off as I could, for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance. But for that I could have given the fellow that took me in, seven times as much as he did, for his cunning and cupidity."—*Tom Hall.*

THE HUSSAR OF HUNGARY.

France, Russia, Prussia, and other countries, have introduced the Hussar into their armies but these soldiers are mostly Russian, French, and Prussian variety, dressed in the Hungarian jacket; they want the spirit, the bone and—the Magyar latent." For this reason, the Hungarian hussar will not acknowledge them as brothers; and whenever he comes in contact with foreign hussars, he feels and looks on them in the full force of his contempt. A story is told, that during a campaign against the French in the war with Napoleon, the hussars of the Prussian and the Hungarian hussars were sent out to reconnoitre. A Prussian came over to the Hungarian, and with a glass of wine in his hand, drank it to the health of his brother hussar. But the Hungarian gruffly pushed the glass back, and cruised his head, saying, "Away, brother—no brother—I hussar—you jackpudding."

This expression is not to be mistaken for a brag. The Hungarian hussar is no fanfaron like the French chasseur, but he is conscious of his own prowess, like a grenadier of the old Imperial Guard. The military, the cassock, and the curia, have given him no body; they form his helpless sires even when off duty—the national costume transforms the army; and as he is aware that that is not the case in other countries, the foreign hussar's name is in his eyes a mere servant's livery; and logically the man is not altogether wrong.

The hussar, like the Magyars in general, is naturally good tempered. The finest man in the service, he is the best fellow and the most ready companion in the tavern, and will not sit by and empty his glass by himself when a fellow-man or fellow comrade at his side, has spent all his money. Though in mufti one might under the cover he is his eyes most contemptible and hateful than any scamp of master of forces. Not in the Saxonian hussar—that land breeds between Czar and Magyar, that cannibalism of the true hussar, who serves in the cavalry, is the best fellow in the infantry, of the military frontier. Never was a Hungarian hussar known to insult in the same table; if he meets a mate he crosses it under hand—if he meets a man he crosses him—with a bullet he will fight on the open bench—with a muzzler better stinger he will wrestle for a quarter; but as for the Hungarian hussar, he spits in his face whenever he meets him.

It was at Hatzen, at Tapio Bicske, that Hungarian and Bacskerai hussars were for the first time in the war—the first time perhaps in the recollection of man—opposed to one another in battle. It was cool work; they would have been no need of a conflict, for the eyes of the Magyars shot coldly and contempt at their unworthy adversaries. The signal for attack sounded, and at the same instant, as if moved by one mechanism, the whole line of Bacskerai hussars cantered their heavy sabres back into the scabbard, and with a frantic approbation, such as no German tongue could utter, charged mangolores and all full speed their mouse—carcasses whose tails and throats to their way. The Slavs was no accumulation, that the poor Croat could make no use of their sabres against the former mass of their unarmed foes: they were borne down from their saddles with a fat, and dragged of their horses by their dummy. Those who could save themselves fled. The hussars cantered in pursue them; but they complained to their Colonel of having been opposed to "such a rabble."

FROM THE ATLANTIC JOURNAL.

A HOME SCENE.

A WIFE WAITING FOR HER HUSBAND.

The evening sun has set, and still she stands
(The oft-read letter resting in her hands)
Gazing sadest along the glimmering lane,
The green fog brooding on the neighbor pane;
The evening windows darken round—and—out!
With many tapers twinkling through the night.
The ponderous wagon rolls its weight along,
Heard by rude plashes of a rustic song;
High in the air the swinging caravan flows,
Breaking the starlight there as it goes.
Now deep'ning fast on an obscurer air,
Is the great pole's dull-sounding step, and now
And winds its way beneath those branches dim?
Or other carriage has stopp'd there?
And other carriage-sun his steps await.
Hark! down yon field resounds his golden gear,
Sadly she leans again the parlor door,
And through the paved shutter, on the floor,
The pallid rays of Autumn moonlight fall,
And the quick fire light flickers on the wall.
Now pensive, in the chair, she thinks awhile
O'er the fond journey's overcome of his smile.
Now to the window goes, and now returns,
And now longer does stay; and now it burns
In vain with book she soothes the hour of grief,
Haunted by every cause of the toil—
A joyous sound—her tearful vigil pant—
The threshold echoes now—he comes at last!

A COUNTRY DEBATING CLUB.

Being some years ago in an obscure school district in one of the mountain towns in the State of Vermont, I was invited to attend the anniversary of attending a meeting of a Debating Society, which was held at the school house, on a winter evening.

On the occasion to which I refer, the subject under discussion was one of that not very profitable class of matters, frequently taken up on the advantage of our liberal education, viz: a comparison of the expense of that of conscientiousness, and vice versa. In effect this: "Is stealing a greater evil than lying?" The discussion commenced by an argument in the affirmative, which was a rambling sketch of the enormous evils of stealing through all time, not even leaving the advice gratis. The next in favor was by a patient judge in a verbose advocate, to which he the Deluge," for in this case the argument commenced some where about the same time with Methuselah's Lodge, and came down to the present time. The principal argument, however, briefly and satisfactorily rendered by the speaker, who was a man with good lungs, a large organ of language, and abundant assurance, was that lying was the greater evil of the two, because that the stealing or forbidding one fault by Eve, "brought sin into all the world, and all our woe," and therefore stealing being the cause of all other evils, is a far greater evil than lying.

The negative of the question was then ably sustained by a young man who argued that stealing itself fetched all the evils of lying, since the creation of the world; that lying was the only argument for the affirmative until the last, when he met not apparently demolished it, by saying, that as it regarded the main argument of the other side, attributing all other sins to the stealing of the forbidden fruit, he should go one step behind that act, and see what sins and malignities and offences were required to tempt the woman to steal the fruit. But not Satan in the guise of a serpent he unto the woman before she stole the fruit, for then "Eve, I thought no sin will steal, and all our woe," and therefore stealing being the cause of all other evils, is a far greater evil than lying.

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The house had been filled by this nonchalance, and as the newspapers say, "it is needless to add," acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE GOT UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having their names put on the clubs when they can do so conveniently.

We thank our old friends, the Postmasters, who assert themselves so well, for large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other persons, and request them to see what they can do for us. It must be remembered that we pay liberal commissions to those who get up clubs.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH ENGAGED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

We are happy to be able to announce to the numerous readers of the Post, that we have secured the services of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," &c., by which, after the first of next month, we shall be able to the exception of an occasional story in a Weekly Paper, to write for the Saturday Post.

To the readers of the Post, who have perused with interest Mrs. Southworth's productions, (now in process of publication), it would be superfluous to dwell upon the literary abilities of this gifted lady. Suffice it to say, that she has already given evidence of a brilliancy and originality that are surpassed by any novelist in the country. In truth, we know not where to look for her equal, in the delineation of spots, among the novelists of America.

It is be—g almost somewhat, but we may as well announce here, that we design soon announcing a new story by Mrs. Southworth on the first page of the New Year. The name cause to believe that this story will transcend anything that has graced the Post for many years to the world.

It is our present expectation to be able to give at least three novelets by Mrs. Southworth, in the course of the coming year. But of course the number of her contributions will be governed by the number of subscribers she may obtain. Such as to enable us to lay before our readers so many pages of her writings, during the year, as may be presented by any other periodical in the country.

In the intervals between Mrs. Southworth's novelets, we shall give shorter novelets and stories from the most distinguished writers, and all other departments of our paper, we shall continue the same as heretofore, with the addition of original matter, which has distinguished the Post during the past year.

We give this early notice of some of our plans for the next year, in order that those who are desirous of subscribing may have the Post from the beginning of the year, and also that those who desire to get up clubs may have their eyes directed to the Post—and remember that we are offered a better literature, or more.

Of course, between now and the end of the year, we expect to finish up Longfellow's publish Miss Leslie's novelet, "The Sacramento," Mr. Conway's Novel and Caroline Kirkland's, and Mrs. Hentz's also, if we can possibly get the last half of the one and the first half some six months.

We have already given as many novelets as any other paper, and more than Mrs. Southworth is to come also; and Mrs. Hentz's too, if we can get it. Besides, we have on hand the whole of Miss Leslie's novelet, which, in case we shall be forced to postpone it to some future time, we will do.

We trust our subscribers will see from the above, that we are sparing no labor or expense to render the Post unrivalled. And we trust we shall not be spoon a good thing for us, at the right time and place, and we shall not be found wanting an effort in the coming Winter Campaign, to put the Post where, we think, it ought to be, and never yet had—but which the Post might surely to have.

JENNY LIND.

Well, we have at last heard Jenny Lind, and while we admit that her singing surpasses, in many respects, any that we have heard before, we must in candor say that it is not quite so much the lovely woman as the wonderful singer that interests and delights us. Her first concert in the Tabernacle on Monday evening, was one that no American girl's would be more fully brought out, and we are glad to see by the papers of this morning that the Tabernacle was filled to overflowing, that the throng a glory round her path, for as we said in our last, we are glad to see that the people are willing to pay liberally for the privilege of listening to, and so much in the degree of her success, as to the ease with which she obtained it. We have heard from Boston and Troy almost equally flattering accounts of her success in those places, also, from Madame Sontag, but no every great occasion the extraordinary effort could be seen to be so, merely, in fact and deed, an extraordinary effort, that we could feel small pleasure in. Persons that call at our office, and persons that call at Jenny Lind's are so much thanked, and the ticket office is open from 9 o'clock A. M. to 9 o'clock P. M. every day, and the doors are to open a month, and let the rich treasures of us heart have way. And the movements of the people, at their free, spontaneous gaze, is like nothing so much as those of a wild-wood herd, startled from their lair in the full glory of their native freedom and strength. And might make quivering with the thrill of their own wild life, and the whole heralds each new outpouring of melody, and throughout her marvellous performance she was—we do not mean to say that she was not, but the ordinary appears, in the highest sense of the word, a lovely woman. She is not the less so, as a sweetest, the phenomenon can only be explained by supposing her first the most consummate of her sex—realizing expressions light from every feature.

Since writing the above, we have seen a gentleman from a letter written from Europe, dated the 1st of October, in which he says that Jenny Lind is the greatest singer that ever lived, and that beyond the boundaries of this earthly existence, upon wide still more glorious realms of infinite beauty and eternal peace. Jenny and the rest of the passengers had retired to their berths, but the air floods drowned herself and came upon deck. She contemplated the magnificent scene in silence for a few moments—and then, falling upon her knees, she began a low song to the Deity, full of religious fervor and reverential awe. The Captain says he was never more impressed than by this song—so beautiful, so entrancing in its angelic harmony of praise and gratitude towards the great Author of Life and Light and Glory.

THE CENTRAL ROAD.

We received an invitation last week to accompany the Managers of the Pittsburg road, and the authorities of the City and Districts, &c., on an excursion to Hollidaysburgh—the road now being completed to that point. But, unfortunately, we found at the last moment, that it would be impossible for us to spare the two days required for the excursion. From the published accounts of every one of the contemporaries, however, we ascertain that the trip was a most delightful one. For the State portion of the road, from this city to Columbia, we have ourself much that is favorable—but of the Company's portion from Harrisburg to Hollidaysburgh, we speak in the highest terms of praise. The cars are magnificent, and the road is solid and smooth, that the smallest print in a paper can be read with ease, and without injury to the eyes.

The new Central road will be completed—the Eastern portion of it being as remarkable for the beauty of its scenery, as the Western for its rich and comfortable dwellings, large stone barns, and solid bridges and the Western portion is for its romantic scenery,—the road-wanting through mountain gorges, and crossing the Juniata several times in the course of a few miles.

From the account of the speeches given at the dinner at Altoona, we perceive that the Governor, in his usual forcible and manly, but eloquent and unassuming manner, spoke in the highest terms of the Company's enterprise, and the energy and skill displayed in the construction of the road. Mr. Patterson, the President of the Company, also spoke in the most handsome manner, as they were convinced that the economy and efficiency with which the road was constructed, was due to the energy and skill of the President.

Mr. Patterson, in behalf of the Company, presented the following sentiment:—

"The Pennsylvania Central—The Empire State of the Keystone—Three thousand men to the West of the mountains were now engaged in preparing the grades between Harrisburg and Pittsburg, and they would come when the inclined planes of the Portage would be abandoned, without leaving a trace behind them."

The Hon. James Buchanan compared the enterprise of the Pennsylvania Central Company to the struck a balloon through the rugged portions of the Alleghanies, and he hoped that the day was not far distant when the Pennsylvania, to be the equal of the American army in the Mexican war, would have Mexico in its possession, a place between Mexico and Pittsburg. This gentleman regretted that he was not present to hear the speech of Governor Johnston.

The Hon. Wm. M. Meredith followed Mr. Buchanan in an able speech upon the necessity of Pennsylvania Volunteers during the Mexican war, and concluded by giving the following sentiment, perfectly reliable, always eager for the fray, and ready to march to the "Halls of the Montezumas" whenever the Governor of Pennsylvania issued a requisition for the purpose:—

"The Pennsylvania Central—Like the Pennsylvania Volunteers during the Mexican war, it has reached the mountains, and will soon reach the Halls of the Montezumas."

This settled the question, which was unanimously decided in the affirmative, amidst enthusiastic applause.

Clippings.

☞ The title of "Sublime Porte," is derived from the gilded gate at the entrance of the seraglio at Constantinople—a gate of massive marble, built by Mahomet II., as recorded thereon by an inscription in letters of gold. The gate is called, by way of eminence, the Porte, from the Latin porta, a gate, and from that, we have the word pronounced objects about the royal residence, the Grand Turk, does not exert the same influence.

☞ "Julius, do you know the halls of Montezumas?"

"Of course I does, nigga; he's de brudder of General Taylor, and he marries, many time, Miss Cerro Gordo."

Why have de cheery folks, by-and-bye cut off their tails? I know so many dat has no tails.

☞ Jenny Lind visited the "Old Swedes' Church," in this city last Saturday. She was much affected by the associations of the place, and the warmth of her reception by the congregation.

☞ The recast of the late municipal election has been completed, and the corporation of the city (which numbers 50 members, and reached New Orleans on Saturday last, after a passage of 17 days, and a fine run—this leaving old Father Time, 10 minutes.

☞ The editors of the Mechanics' and Manufacturers' Journal, of Providence, R. I., have been placed on the bench of a receiver. The Cashier, Albert W. Snow, is a defaulter to the amount of $10,000 or $20,000, and has left for parts unknown.

☞ We are astonished (says the Yarmouth Herald) that the Boston papers have not published the following among their other remarkable stories. A coach-man ascended the steps of one of the Boston banks and inquired for the cashier as follows:—Here's the land that lifted Jenny Lind out of the ocean, and I want to see the man of you have the privilege of kissing it for five dollars."

☞ Frederick Hosmer was at Malines, Wisconsin, some week or so ago, on her way to Minnesota.

☞ What do you call a public-spirited individual?" asked one of the Boston papers. "Why, we are generally found selling on a pair of boots, or a watch ring, in front of some fashionable hashing." A public spirited individuals? Why, he was a help, if many "an unfortunate" who would be on the police station-house for the want of means to subscribe who will do the publishing of the Boston papers.

☞ The last custom before the "Philosophical Society" was a paper on the "Art of Lying," by a lady. The subject was treated in a masterly way, and whether it can be made available for household purposes.

☞ Rumor has been given the following rates of absence of mind, that:—A girl who was out and first time, was so absent of mind that she cannot decide for the stage; she looks awkwardness, and is a lasting reputation, she blew an egg into the steel. Good for the cattle, and the cattle kissed it."

☞ That day James Herring was remonstrating with her not rising rather. "I can make up my mind to fly," said he, "but cannot make up my beef."

☞ "I stand," said a Western stump-orator, "on the broad platform of the principles of ninety-eight; and pinned to my arm, if I desert 'em?" "You don't stand on nothin' of the kind!" interrupted a little shoe-maker in the crowd; "you stand on a pair of my boots, that you've never paid for, and I want the money!"

☞ A tailor in New York, advertises that "Waists on the Main is of great importance, but what's on the head is of greater."—A sentiment worthy the pen of Combe.

SINGULAR RESULT.

The returns of the vote in this State upon the Amendment to the Constitution, making the Judiciary elective, are very curious. In some instances, strong Democratic counties give a heavy majority against the measure, while certain strong Whig counties give equally heavy majorities for the Amendment. In fact, it does not appear to have been decided by a party vote at all. In this city and county, where the Whigs have a majority of over two hundred, the majority for the Amendment is about 19,000 —and in Allegheny, Whig house generally, over two hundred majority against the Amendment, while in Somerset, another strong Whig county, gives a majority of 1,600 the same way. While Berks and Northampton, strong Democratic counties give heavy majorities against the Amendment. Of course, in various other cases, Whig counties vote against the Amendment, and Democratic counties give heavy majorities for it—the great majority of the counties, probably two out of five, voting for the election by the people.

We wonder if the votes are to be accounted for at all on the principle, that the counties which have had the good luck to have their Judicate Judges under the old system, have voted against, while those counties which have been less favored, have voted for the new and popular alteration. We should be inclined to adopt this explanation of the returns, only that it bears so hard upon the great majority of the Judges. Certainly, they are able men, as a body, and we suppose that the majority in the whole State, in favor of the Amendment, is supposed to be from 70 to 12,000.

PHILADELPHIA ERECT.

We are informed that a fine building, in Philadelphia has conducted herself, on the whole, with one and property during the visit of the Swedish Nightingale. Even the Girard House and Hotel at which she stayed was surrounded by a guard of sentinels, and boys, but with the exception of that class which any excitement will draw together, no other annoyance was offered, and a handsome sum collected—but the people of Philadelphia, while they have felt and expressed on all suitable occasions their admiration of the lady as an artiste, have not forgotten what was due to their own self-respect, and the ladies' character as a lady visitor.

The first ticket for Jenny's first concert was purchased by Mr. Keet, the daguerreotypist, for $625. Mr. Keet's only competitor was a Boston gentleman, who, finding he could not get it

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE, No. 66 South Third Street, Phila., Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

The annual exhibition of the Franklin Institute, presents the usual varied display of the products of American art and industry. Among the contents of the exhibition, we may specify the following.

A very large and beautiful display of Daguerreotypes, by Messrs Root, McClees and Germon, &c., &c.

Gas cooking stoves and ranges, made after the pattern of those now in use in Liverpool. The gas jets in low flame through innumerable small holes in spiral tubes, over which the cooking vessels rest, and roasting is done by suspending the meat in chambers, the enclosed gas-lights surrounding the meat and cooking it very effectually. Two hundred feet of gas per diem is said to be enough to cook for 100 persons. Smaller ones, (simple stoves,) costing $25, and using 60 feet a day, are intended for families. By a very neat and simple arrangement, barbers are also furnished with a ready convenience to heat their water and curling-tongs by their ordinary burners. A quick gas bath-heater is exhibited by the same person; and a translucent door plate and hall-light, that would give our hall doors a very cheerful and pleasing effect at night. Mr. Cresson, the Superintendent of the City Gas Works, has a range of the kind above mentioned which does the cooking for a family of eight, at an expense of about forty cents per day, only being used to prepare the meals. The cooking stove exhibited there would accomplish the baking, broiling and roasting of a family at an expense of perhaps fifteen cents per day; but there is an improvement needed to enable it to boil with economy. Another is making, under the direction of Mr. Cresson, which will have the improvement needed. Though the present price of gas will not allow its substitution for fuel, yet there is a prospect that the march of improvement will gradually render it much more economical. There is a stove of a similar description made by Jonas Gleason, which is also worthy of notice.

The sewing machine in the lower saloon deservedly attracts the notice of the ladies. It is much superior to the machine exhibited last year, and is more suited to practical uses. A coat is shown which was entirely made with it, and ...

AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

By the Mail Steamer Crescent City, we have fourteen days later news from California. The Crescent City brings three hundred and forty-two passengers, one million of dollars in gold dust, in the hands of the passengers, and twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars on freight.—The Philadelphia has also arrived, bringing $800 000 in gold, and a large amount in the hands of the passengers.

There have been several failures at San Francisco, and business generally is rather dull.

Up to the 27th of August, about one thousand suffering emigrants have been received at Placerville. The mortality among them was increasing; many of the emigrants daily falling victims to diarrhœa and fever.

From the Northern Mines.—We learn that on Nelson's Creek miners are averaging about a half an ounce per day. Men are hired at a rate of wages varying from six to eight dollars.—From the south branch of the North Fork on Feather River, we hear reports that the generality of workmen are making fair wages. Rich dry diggings have been discovered between Nelson's Creek and the mouth of Butte Creek, which empties into the Sacramento. The spot where the richest diggings exist is about 60 rods in length by 40 in width. The dirt has to be carried a considerable distance, but repays those who are working it from two to three ounces daily. This appears formerly to have been the bed of the river, and the gold formed here is very coarse and bright.

The squatter excitement has altogether subsided, and it is probable that there will be no further disturbance on that question.

There is a boy in town who has had a claim in Sicard's Bar, on Yuba River, from which he has made five thousand dollars, and afterwards sold his share for fifteen thousand dollars. He is here on his way down to be ticketed for home, sweet home.—*Herald*.

A Good Summer's Work.—We learn from authority, that the evening before last, the sum of $190 000 in gold dust was brought to this city, to be sent home by the next steamer, being the property of six men, and the result of their summer's labor on the North Fork. This proves that the croaking in regard to the mines is wholly groundless.

[From the Daily Alta-Californian, of Sept. 12.]

Accident and Heart Rending Death.—Mr. Albert H. Clarke and his friend, Edward E. Haviland, left West & Co.'s Express Office, Central Wharf, on Monday morning last on a gunning excursion across the Bay. When an hour or so out, the boat was capsized by a sudden gust of wind. The young men, however, clung to the boat, and finally succeeded in righting and getting into her, although the boat was still under water. Fastening themselves to the boat, they drifted along, the waves constantly breaking over them, chilling, freezing, and almost drowning them at every dash, until at last Mr. Haviland seemed conscious that he could not survive the struggle for life, and gave his friend instructions, in case he (Mr. C.) should escape, in regard to his family and business, and shortly afterwards became a raving maniac, and in this condition, died a little after dark Monday evening. Early on Tuesday morning, the boat drifted ashore on the opposite side of the Bay, and although nearly helpless and bereft of reason from his great suffering of mind and body, Mr. Clarke got on shore, and in this condition was discovered by a party of four seamen, (two of them officers of the schooner "John Bell,") who, in the most noble and praiseworthy manner, devoted their attention to him so promptly and carefully, as to restore him somewhat more to himself, and to enable him to acquaint them with the terrible ordeal that he had passed through. The next efforts of the party were to clear the boat of water, and bring the sufferer and body of the deceased to the city, then some fifteen miles distant, and which they accomplished a little before dark last evening.

Mr. Haviland came passenger, in company with Mr. Clarke in the steamship Republic, some three weeks since. He is from New York City, Mr. Clarke is from Pennsylvania.

There had been a great run on the Bankers in San Francisco—and one was forced to give way. The others have as yet paid all demands upon them.

In Yuba and Sutter Counties a number of meetings have been held upon the admission of California into the Union, the news of the admission not having reached them.

POLITICAL.

New York.—The seceding, or anti-Seward Whigs of New York, recently met in Convention at Utica. They adopted a set of resolutions based upon their political sentiments, and then confirmed the nominations made by the Whig Convention at Syracuse.

New Hampshire.—The Democratic State Convention have nominated the Hon. John Atwood, of New Boston, as their candidate for Governor. The Convention also discussed a series of resolutions, which were adopted, deprecating sectional issues in national councils, &c., and approving of the action of the Democratic members from New Hampshire, during the last session of Congress.

Vermont.—The Legislature of this State have elected the Hon. Solomon Foote, of Rutland, as United States Senator, in place of the Hon. S. S. Phelps, whose term expires on the 4th of March next. Mr. Foote was one of the persons defeated last winter, for the Clerkship of the House of Representatives. He is a Free-Soil Whig. Mr. Phelps had only seven votes.

Florida.—Mr. Cabell (Whig) has been re-elected to Congress by a small majority. Later returns show that the Democrats have carried both branches of the Legislature.

South Carolina.—All the old members of Congress have been returned without opposition, with the exception of Isaac E. Holmes, from the Charleston District, who has been defeated by Mr. Aiken. The cause of Mr. Holmes's defeat, is said to be that he voted in Congress for an appropriation to strengthen the U. S. fortifications at Charleston.

Ohio.—The following is the result of the Congressional election in Ohio: Ten Whigs, Two Free Soilers, Eight Democrats, and one District yet uncertain.

Pennsylvania.—The Democratic majority for Canal Commissioner, will be probably about 13 000. The vote on the Amendment, Wyoming omitted, is 141 000 for, to 70 000 against—being about two to one in its favor.

Elections.—The following list exhibits the elections to come off the present year in the States mentioned, and the political character of the present Congressional delegations:

States.	Election.	Dem.	Whig.	F. S.
Illinois,	Nov. 5	6	1	0
Wisconsin,	Nov. 5	1	0	2
New York,	Nov. 5	2	32	0
New Jersey,	Nov. 5	1	4	0
Michigan,	Nov. 5	1	0	2
Massachusetts,	Nov. 11	0	7	1
Delaware,	Nov. 12	0	1	0

There are two vacancies in the present Congress in the Massachusetts delegation, and one in that of Pennsylvania, to be filled. State and local officers are to be elected at the same time with the Congressmen in some of these States.

The Census.—The returns of the Census are coming in with wonderful regularity and despatch. I have looked over some of them at the Census Bureau, and find them to be complete in every respect. The schedules are so admirably arranged that the Marshals appear to find little difficulty in filling them. For instance, I took up the returns from Augusta, Me., and went through them. They present an admirable view, complete in every respect, of the industrial pursuits, the *life* statistics, and the moral condition of the town. I asked the question of the intelligent Superintendent, Mr. Kennedy, whether the returns from the South and West were coming in with a similar accuracy? He said that so far they had entirely met his views. The system, he thinks, is so excellent, that failures will not often occur. If the system be carried out, it will present the most admirable view of the moral and industrial condition of a nation. Several of the foreign ministers have visited the bureau, and expressed great surprise and admiration at the facility with which the great work is carried on, as well as at the comprehensiveness of the plan, and the accuracy of its execution.—*Wash. Cor. Jour. of Com.*

Queen Victoria.—Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, the latest London papers advise us, are still rusticating among the mountains of Scotland. Her Majesty, by the way, was the heroine of a feat, which is seldom performed even by the hardy peasants of that part of the country—the ascent of the rugged mountain of Ben-na-bourd, some 3,900 feet above the level of the sea. During the toilsome ascent her Majesty proved herself to be a first rate pedestrian, and had the advantage over Prince Albert in more than one contest for superiority in mounting the more rugged points, where the hands perform fully as important a part of the locomotion as the feet, and eventually the Queen reached the summit the first of the party. Prince Albert was too gallant a man to *beat* the Queen in such a place.

Mr. Crittenden's Opinion.—It appears that before the President signed the Fugitive Slave Bill, he requested the opinion of the Attorney-General, Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, as to whether the bill suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*. Mr. Crittenden's opinion has recently been published—he argues that it does not. The article of the Constitution, in relation to this subject, declares that "the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended unless when in cases of Rebellion or Invasion, the public safety may require it."

Into Them.—As a pendant to the subject of Jenny Lind and her concerts, we give the following "Jennygram," which a correspondent tells us was written on a blank leaf of the programme of the first concert:

GENIN, DODGE & Co.
Why such ado? the price is just,
Each pays for what he hears;
And so, of course, they pay the most,
Who have the *longest ears*!"

Another correspondent sends us the following good conundrum, perpetrated by the Southern Serenaders:

Why is Jenny Lind a better chemist than Dr. Townsend? *Ans.*—Because she extracts from a single *Root* $625.—*Evening Bulletin*.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, in addition to being one of the best anti bilious medicines in the world, possess a power in removing pain, which is truly astonishing. Four or five of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time completely rid the body of those morbid humors which, if lodged in the liver, are the cause of pain in the side, sometimes extending to the shoulder blade, difficulty of breathing, nausea and sickness, loss of appetite, costiveness, flatulency, swarthy or yellow complexion, and other symptoms of an inflamed or torpid state of the liver.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also thoroughly cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious humors, and other impurity, and therefore are a certain cure for colic, dysentery, cholera morbus, and other disorders of the intestines.

For sale by agents in all parts of the United States and Canadas. Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia. 1t

ALMANAC.

Oct., 1850	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
26 Saturday,	6 44	5 17	6 46	D. H. M.
27 Sunday,	6 44	5 16	7 46	
28 Monday,	6 45	5 15	8 44	
29 Tuesday,	6 47	5 13	9 40	
30 Wednesday,	6 48	5 12	10 31	Last 5 9 54
31 Thursday,	6 49	5 11	11 27	New 12 9 28
1 Friday,	6 51	5 9	12 18	First 20 10 10
2 Saturday,	6 52	5 8	12 58	Full 27 11 45

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
Oct. 13	55	67	71
14	53	64	69
15	50	56	61
16	53	65	70
17,	61	71	73
18,	65	70	71
19,	61	62	63

Marriages.

On Thursday evening, the 17th inst. by the Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, John G. Smith, of Spring Garden, to Miss Lizzie, daughter of Geo. A. Scott, of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Saml. A. Clark, Mr. Charles A. Wardner, to Miss Helen L. Safford, daughter of Henry Safford.

On the 15th inst. at Germantown, by the Rev. John Rodney, Mr. James Ingersley to Miss Sarah Hanford, both of Holmesburg, Philadelphia county.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Levi J. Reese, Charles Parker, to Anna M. Rosenfield, all of this city.

Deaths.

Bank Note List.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, Chas. S. Hall, E. A. Evans, Jas. Clark, John W. Allen, and F. Locke.*

Also, CHAS. S. HALL, for and in Arkansas.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States; assisted by *J. E. Smith, J. T. Dent, Jason Taylor, J. W. Armstrong, Perrin Locke, W. Ramsey, and G. Sitzman.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee, assisted by *Joseph B. Stewart.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. for New York State.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. and collects for us in New York and the Canadas.

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BOUNTY LAND! BOUNTY LAND!!

SOLDIERS, THEIR WIDOWS OR HEIRS, entitled to BOUNTY LAND under the law passed by Congress, granting a bounty to those who served "in the war of 1812, or any of the Indian wars since 1790," can be furnished with BLANK APPLICATIONS and all necessary information and instruction by applying by letter or personally to the subscriber. ... The price of the Blank Applications and all necessary instructions is ONE DOLLAR, and they will be transmitted by return of mail to any one sending this sum, free of postage. ...

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SOFT SOAP! SOFT SOAP!!—The advertiser has discovered a method to manufacture SOFT SOAP of the very best quality, free from ingredients which injure either clothing or the hands, one quart of which is fully equal to a gallon of any soap now known; made without scarcely any fuel, and at a cost of not more than ONE CENT per gallon. ...

THE PHILADELPHIA CHEAP BOOK STORE, OLD STAND, North-West Corner of Fifth and Arch Sts., ROBERT E. PETERSON, PROPRIETOR.

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For a single square, first insertion,	$2.00
For each subsequent insertion,	$1.00
For one square 6 months,	$30.00
For one square, a year,	$40.00

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE BOOK OF THE NATION.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1851.

LITERARY AND PICTORIAL. DEVOTED TO AMERICAN ENTERPRISE, AMERICAN WRITERS, AND AMERICAN ARTISTS.

THE publisher of the Lady's Book having the ability as well as the inclination, to make the best monthly, literary, and pictorial periodical in the country, is determined to show the patrons of magazines to what perfection this branch of literature can be brought. He has now been publishing the Lady's Book for twenty-one years, and he appeals to his subscribers and the public whether the "Book" has not improved every year, and he now pledges his well-earned reputation that, in the MORALITY and SUPERIORITY of his literature, and in the PURITY and BEAUTY of his engravings,

THE LADY'S BOOK FOR 1851, SHALL EXCEED EVERY OTHER MAGAZINE.

The literary department will still be conducted by MRS. SARAH J. HALE, whose name is now recognized throughout our country as the able champion of her sex in all that pertains to the proper rights of woman. ...

No efforts will be wanting to retain for Godey's Lady's Book the proud title of THE LEADING PERIODICAL IN AMERICA.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE COMING VOLUME, JANUARY, 1851.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only two of the promised Novelets for 1850 having yet been published, the Proprietors of the POST would call attention to the following, which are yet to come:—

THE BAYMOUNTS—A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

SHANNONDALE; OR, THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL—A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE—A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

When the above list has been gone through with, OTHERS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE WILL FOLLOW, the Proprietors of the POST being determined not to be surpassed in this department by any cotemporary.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more

SOLID AND SUBSTANTIAL READING,

such as is calculated to improve the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart.—Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY

shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men—

A BANK NOTE LIST, A STOCK LIST, THE MARKETS, &C.,

shall be weekly laid before them.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for

OUR AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

One or more *PORTRAITS* of remarkable persons, or *PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES* are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest* list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by *any* rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

4 COPIES,			$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10.00	"
13	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15.00	"
20	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20.00	"

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

ONE COPY of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, or Sartain's Magazine, for FOUR DOLLARS.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid*,

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N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, *post-paid*.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.—We regard this paper as the best of the large weekly papers which come from Philadelphia. It is published by Deacon & Peterson, and edited by Henry Peterson. The publishers announce five original novelets, to be published during the next volume, which commences with the new year. For the excellence of its stories, its poetry, and all its selections, and the ability evinced in its editorials, the Post has no superior. There is in its columns an indication of unceasing industry, and indefatigable energy, on the part of its gentlemanly publishers, which cannot fail to place it at the head of American papers.—*Lyons News.*

☞ The Saturday Evening Post is the best of our Philadelphia weeklies. It is devoted to matter of an instructing character, and is free from that frivolity which tends only to weaken the mind and deprave the taste. During the coming year many new and original contributions, drawn from life, will adorn its columns, and also a new series of Grace Greenwood's spirited letters.—*Tribune, Lockhaven, Pennsylvania.*

☞ The Best Literary Paper published in Philadelphia is the Saturday Evening Post. This paper contains 36 columns of useful and interesting reading, news, &c. We recommend it to all who desire a good family newspaper.—*Palladium, Malone, New York.*

☞ The Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," is one of the very best literary papers in the country. Its high moral tone renders it a truly valuable paper for the family circle. If all the widely circulated newspapers were as pure in sentiment and morals as the Post, we should have a vast deal less suffering, misery and debauchery than is now abroad in the land. Some papers, instead of rebuking vice, pander to the lowest and basest passions of men, but the "Post" is not of that class.—*Gazette, Decatur, Indiana.*

☞ The Saturday Post—a mammoth sheet, and the best literary and family newspaper in Philadelphia, if not in the world—is now about entering upon its thirtieth volume. Its prospectus for the coming year promises great attractions.—*Democrat, Montrose, Pennsylvania.*

GREAT VOLUME OF "GRAHAM!"

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PREPARATIONS FOR 1851.

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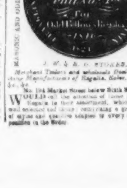

Selected Poetry.

OUR BLUE-EYED BOY.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

One time in the May dew is trembled,
With a heart full of pure joy,
I cradled to sleep in my bosom
Our beautiful blue-eyed boy.

No shadow of sorrow had darkened
His young life as fortnight by fortnight
Fit the mass of her one little moments
Had enriched their faith in the right.

The twilight was pressing her footfall
Down deep in the level main,
And over the hills lay sleeping
The golden love of her train.

While under the heavy tresses,
That veiled the full face of the dear,
The one of the eve, like a lover,
Who lurking his kindest away

In the hollows that deepen the hill sides,
One foot till the capital had been,
Whose pools with their spikes of red blossoms
Reflect beds of blue violets in

And to the warm lip of the swimmer
The cheek of the blush-rose out-toned,
While the moist open mouth gave its incense
To the murmuring love of the wind.

Where the air was one warble of sweet,
Of the bird and the light-hearted stream,
And the waves going by like swift runners,
A ringing the songs of the year.

But now, in the dim fall of silence,
I took up the key on my knee,
And sang to my baby with a story
Of the lambs 'mash the shivering trees.

Oh, when the green leaves of the summer
Again o'er the hill tops is blown,
I shall wish the wild pulse of the forest,
And climb the steep mountain alone.

Pressing out where the slopes of the meadows
Are yellow with morning's first look,
Not where, by the side of the sunset,
The hollowing hill tops shade brooks.

For, when the full moons of the harvest
Stood over the summer's ripe joy,
I held the last time in my bosom
Our beautiful blue-eyed boy.

And parting away from his forehead
The rings of a warmish gold,
I sang him to sleep with a story
Of the lambs of the upper fold.

When, laying his white hands together,
And putting his cradle-kiss from me,
We trusted his life in the arches
That wonder through Eternity's dream.

Selected Articles.

INTERESTING REMARKS ON WEEDS.

It is remarkable that these troublesome plants have come to our possession from the Old World; they do not belong here, but following the steps of the white man, they have come over the seas with him. A very large proportion of the most common weeds in our fields and gardens, and about our buildings, are strangers to the soil.—It will be easy to name a number of these; such, for instance, as the dock and the sorrel-dock, found almost every barn and outbuilding; the common plantains and ribwort; ragweed; the beach; the groundsel, purslane, pig weed, goose-foot, sheep-berry-grass, and lamb's quarters, so troublesome in gardens; the chickweed growing everywhere; the pinepriest, celandine, and hare's ear; the lady's-thumb and May-weed; the common nettle and hemp-nettle; wild flax, stitch-wort, burweed, dandelion, and the mullein; the most pestilent thistles, both the common sort and that which is erroneously called the Canada thistle; the sow-thistle, the cress, corn-cockle, tares, bugloss, or blue-weed, and the pigeon-wort and of the grasses, the darnel, barrow, wild parsnip, orchard-grass, the wall gaulick, the acrid butter-cup, and the acrid St. John's wort of the meadows; the cranesbill, the cranesbill, the cranesbill, wild radish, wild mustard, or charlock, the yarrow tansies, the bachelor—eyes, even the very cornflower, a plant which we treat under but of late years, it seems still might be added to the list, which were entirely unknown to the red man, having been introduced by the European race, and are now choking up all our wastelands, forming the vast throng of foreign weeds. Some of these have come from a great distance, traveling round the world. The shepherd's-purse, with plants, is common in China, on the coast eastward of Asia. One kind of mallows belongs to the East Indies; another to the coast of the Mediterranean. The guinea weed, or Bastard, is an Abyssinian plant, and the Nicaragua came out of Peru. It is supposed that the annuarite of greenweeds, so very common here, have also been introduced, though possibly only from the southern parts of our own country. Some few American plants have been carried to Europe, where they have become naturalized, for the number is very small. The evening primrose, and the silk-weed, among others have moved themselves in some parts of the Old World, transported, no doubt, with the tobacco and maize, and potato, which are now so widely diffused over the Eastern continent, to the very heart of Asia. But even at home, as our own soil, the amount of native weeds is small when compared with the throngs brought from the Old World. The wild cucumber, a very troublesome plant, the great white convolvulus, the onion, the field sorrel, the poke-weed, the milkweed, with one or two grasses and sedges, are the rare kinds, are among the most important of those whose origin is enough settled as having to the continent. It is not singular, that among these latter, which are of a divided nature, some being native, others being introduced, the last are generally the most successful for settling, for under circumstances favorable, and therefore, are less common here than the European weeds. There are other plants, distinct plants frequent in neglected yards, about farm houses. And some cold ones, which have scarcely become so common as to be weeds, the sorghum and medicinal herbs, used for ages by the good wives of England and Holland, were early brought over, and have very generally become naturalized—sage, rue, basil, hyssop, thyme, balm, comfrey, cinnamon, tansy, etc.—commonly have their seed, sprouting by and while wintering, they are allowed to grow. It is surprising how soon they become firmly established in a new settlement; we often observe them on the new country apart from any dwelling. At home we have basil lower nearly a mile from either garden or house. The seeds of cucumber plants seem, in many cases, to have floated over and lain upon the water, for we have found the European mint and celery growing with the true cochlea, commonly on the sea shores but the weeds spoke around in every direction for some distance. The wind would waft many such circumstances, at times, we even apply it to the immortal flax on the same bank. A plant may be a weed because it is tasteless, or brief, or unsightly, or troublesome; but it is rare indeed that all these faults are found in one individual of the vegetable race. Often the unsightly, or brief, or even the poisonous plant, is useful, or may be interesting from some peculiarity—such, as the structure, habit, or the wonderful manner from their numbers, best planting flowers, taken singly. Upon the whole it is not so much a subject which may be called a weed, as a certain important, intrinsic character in those plants a want of economy; a habit of sowing themselves forward upon ground where they are not needed, causing the cultivator to be constantly at better things, for plants more useful, more fragrant, or more beautiful. Thus the worthless plant is one which we have to root out of the parts of the garden, but that it springs up among the precious plants, to the injury of the latter, and it is a weed; the flower of the thistle is admired in Greece, but it is a weed, and it can be introduced in Germany by the way one runs we are weary of seeing it, and everybody makes weapons of the common St. John's wort, and has a pretty yellow blossom, and it has its uses as a simple, but it is considered a weed, for the fact it is so obstinately tenacious of a place where it is not wanted, that it is found in every meadow, and we cannot with it as a weed. These noxious plants have some reflection to us, with the whole and parcels of the air around the soil with the good, as usual in this world of probation—the blessing and the curse together. The same plants produce a tender blessing upon the infant of man, but the curse upon the adult, and thus preparing his steps, to teach him a lesson of humility. Certain plants of the nature—the dock, thistle, nettle, etc.—are known to man's themselves especially to the pets of man; money difference exists and these plants are still found at his door. Patient care and toil are known deep the evil, which, however, is never excluded whether it lies within the reach of reason cannot entirely to remove from the face of the earth, and the great plan of the peculiar nature, much less all their variation. Has any one, even of the most zealous sects, ever been utterly destroyed? Agriculture, with all the pride and power of science now at her command, can apparently accomplished but little in this way. Egypt and China are said to be conditions in which weeds are comparatively rare; both regions having been in a state of high population, which ex-

plants source a need of the soil, and yet even in those lands, upon the banks of the Nile, where the crops succeed each other without any interval throughout the whole year, leaving no time for weeds to extend themselves; even there, those noxious plants are not unknown, and the moment the soil is abandoned, only for a season, they return with renewed vigor. In this new country, with a fresh soil, and a thicker population, we have not only weeds innumerable, but we observe, also, that brisers and branches seem to acquire double strength in the neighborhood of man; we must them to his principles forest here and there, but they are not much; and forests are, and the weeds are no sooner inited to make room for cultivation, than they spring up in profusion, the first natural process of the soil.—But in this world of mercy the just curse is graciously tempered with a blessing; many a grateful fruit, and some of our most delightful flowers, grow among thorns and briers, their fragrance and excellence reminding man of the events in Hell and the hills of his task. The sweet brier, more especially, with its simple flower and delightful fragrance, whispers in the wilderness, but moving onward by the side of the ploughman, would seem, of all others, the nonchalant's blossom.—*Miss Cooper's Rural Hours.*

A SINGULAR STORY.

[The New York Home Journal says it has the following queer story, from a foreign correspondent:]

A traveller with a porter behind him, bringing his luggage, presented himself at the principal hotel of Ben, and applied for a room. It was at the commencement of the season, and not a cupboard in the house was unoccupied.

"This is a little too much!" said the new comer, to the landlord, who civilly informed him of the fact; "here is the sixth house in which I have received the same answer! It is unbearable! It is an indignity! I'll stand it no longer!"

"Sir," said the host, "I am sorry, on my honor, to be compelled to refuse you; but I am really incapable, as matters now stand, of receiving you."

"But you should make arrangements to accommodate with more!"

"We can lodge no more than we have rooms for, sir."

"You have no business not to have rooms! I will not listen to your excuses, however! I am tired of running about from place to place, I'll go no further! Here I stay!"

"Sir," said the host, "I am vexed to you, my dear sir, that we have not an unoccupied corner in the house!"

"What!" muttered the traveller.

And beckoning to the porter to follow him, and followed by the astonished host, who could not believe his ears, he mounted up the staircase. Heeding no entreaties and remonstrances not at all, he entered the principal corridor, began with the first door, and opening every one that would open, looked in from top to toe inside, and gave a scrutinizing look at the occupants, at the very time their toilet, were mostly taken by surprise. Some were in dishabille, in states of approximation more or less simple, and the intruder's progress was attended by a succession of screams from women, Ducheses, and other dames, equally susceptible of astonishment.

Horrified at the audacious violation of propriety, such as had never before taken place in an inn house, the perfidal and paralyzed landlord at last recovered himself sufficiently to seize the extremest intruder by the tail at his coat. He recovered himself with a blow, and the next moment opened the door of a room in which there chanced to be no one, and, pushing the stranger in here and locks up about upon the chairs and floor, lumbered, and then the traveller vigorously gathered into a heap and pitched out, over the landlord's head, into the entry. Then seeing that the gentleman, and gallantly gained possession of his room, and his knock on his hips, and his hands in his pockets, he whistled a tune with the utmost composure.

"I know very well I could find what I wanted," said he, "this is the chamber that suits me."

"But it is occupied, sir!" pealed the host, quite breathless at his audacity.

"Occupied by me."

"But you have no right to dispossess the occupant, and force him out of his room!"

"Not at all! Not morality have this application!"